

# LEIGH HUNT'S JOURNAL;

## A MISCELLANY

FOR THE CULTIVATION OF

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### The Town.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

#### CHAPTER VI.

*Lord Nugent and his Ruffles.—Lord Thurlow; his Person, Character, and Love of Swearing.—“Philosophy” of that Matter, as regards ordinary Speech and Typographical Presentation.—Dreadful Swearing of the Roman Catholics.—Mention of Sir James Mackintosh.—Rejection of Lord Byron’s Corpse by Westminster Abbey.*

WRAXALL relates an amusing anecdote of the first Earl Nugent, who lived in this Great George-street, Westminster. Lord North had been minister for so many years, that, when he and his friends were ousted by the Fox or Rockingham administration, and the latter appeared for the first time on the Treasury benches in full costume, with swords, ruffles, &c., the effect was extraordinary, and had a look even of the absurd. It seemed as if they had been dressed up in stolen goods, especially as some of them were men of shift fortunes.

“To contemplate,” says Wraxall, “the ministers their successors, emerged from their obscure lodgings, or from Brookes’s, having thrown off their blue and buff uniforms, now ornamented with the appendages of full dress, or, returning from Court, decorated with swords, lace, and hair-powder, excited still more astonishment. I confess that it appeared to me the most extraordinary revolution I ever witnessed; and the members of the new administration seemed, themselves, not to have recovered from their surprise at being thus suddenly transported across the floor of the house. Even some degree of ridicule attached to this extraordinary and sudden metamorphosis, which afforded subject for conversation, no less than food for mirth. It happened that, just at the time when the change of administration took place, Lord Nugent’s house, in Great George-street, having been broken open, was robbed of a variety of articles; among others, of a number of pairs of laced ruffles. He caused the particulars of the effects stolen to be advertised in some of the daily newspapers, where they were minutely specified with great precision. Coming down to the House of Commons, immediately after the recess, a gentleman, who accidentally sat next to him, asked his lordship if he had yet made any discovery of the articles recently lost? “I can’t say that I have,” answered he, “but I shrewdly suspect that I have seen some of my laced ruffles on the hands of the gentlemen who now occupy the Treasury bench.” This reply, the effect of which was infinitely increased by the presence of Fox and Burke in their Court dresses, obtained general circulation, and occasioned no little laughter.”

\* Wraxall’s *Historical Memoirs of his own Time*. Vol. iii. p. 28 (Edition of 1836.)

No. 15, Great George-street, was the last London residence of Lord Thurlow, whose body lay there in state, in the year 1806, previously to its interment, not in the neighbouring abbey, but in the church of the Temple.

Had this once formidable person occupied any such “bad eminence” in history as Judge Jeffreys, or done any such good to his country as his brother libertine Wilkes, we should have spoken of him at equal length; but as he has left nothing to posterity better worth recollecting than his eccentricity and general character, we shall content ourselves with sketching him accordingly, and crowning him with the most famous of his attributes—swearing.

Lord Thurlow, once Lord High Chancellor of England, Keeper of the Conscience of George III. &c., was a tall, dark, harsh-featured, deep-voiced, beetle-browed man, of strong natural abilities, little conscience, and no delicacy. Having discovered, in the outset of life, that the generality of the world were more affected by manner than matter, he indulged a natural inclination to huffing and arrogance, by acting systematically upon it to that end; and, in a worldly point of view, he succeeded to perfection; with this drawback—which always accompanies false pretensions of the kind—that, knowing to what extent they were false, his mind was kept in a proportionate state of irritability and dissatisfaction; so that his success, after all, was only that of a man who prospers by parading an infirmity. With good intention as a judge in ordinary cases, he had sufficient patience neither to study nor to listen. As a statesman, he was actuated wholly by personal feelings of ambition and rivalry; and as keeper of the Royal Conscience, he presented an aspect of ludicrous inconsistency, discreditable to both parties; for he openly kept a mistress, while his master professed to be a pattern of chastity and decorum. But he had face for anything. Seeing that airs of independence would turn to good account, even in the Royal closet, provided he was servile at heart, he sometimes, with great cunning, huffed the King himself; and he did as much with the Prince of Wales, and with the like success. What he really could have done best, had his industry equalled his acuteness, and his ambition been less towards the side of pomp and power, would have been something in literary and metaphysical criticism, as may be seen in his letters to Cowper and others. What he became most famous for doing, was swearing.

We must here advertise our fair readers (in case any of them should be doing us the honour of reading this article aloud), that we are going to give some specimens of the swearing of this solemn and illustrious person; so that, if they do not regard the words in the same childish, meaningless, and nonsensical light that we do ourselves (for reasons that we shall give presently), and therefore cannot comfortably frame their lovely and innocent lips to utter them (which, indeed,

custom will hardly allow us to expect), they had better hand over the passages to the nearest male friend that happens to be with them, and get him to read or to initialise them instead. As to ourselves (for reasons also to be presently given,) we shall write the words at full length, out of sheer sense of their nothingness; only premising, that such was not the opinion entertained of them by this tremendous Lord Chancellor, or by the age in which he lived; otherwise he would not have resorted to them as clenches for his thunderbolts, neither would his contemporaries have given them to the reading world under those mitigated and whispering forms of initials and hyphens, which have come down to our own times, and which are intended to impress their audacity by intimating their guilt.

"*Damns* have had their day," says the man in the "Rivals." So they have; and so we would have the reader think, and treat them accordingly; that is to say, as things of no account, one way or the other. But such was not the case when the dramatist wrote; and therefore Lord Thurlow was renowned as a swearer, even in a swearing age. It was his ambition to be considered a swearer. He took to it, as a lad does, who wishes to shew that he has arrived at man's estate. Everything with the judge was "damned bad" or "damned good," damned hot or cold, damned stupid, &c. It was his epithet, his adjective, his participle, his sign of positive and superlative, his argument, his judgment. He could not have got on without it. To deprive Thurlow of his "damn" would have been to shave his eyebrows, or to turn his growl to a whisper.

"Lamenting," says Lord Campbell, "the great difficulty he had in disposing of a high legal situation, he described himself as long hesitating between the intemperance of A. and the corruption of B., but finally preferring the man of bad temper. Afraid lest he should have been supposed to have admitted the existence of pure moral worth, he added, 'Not but that there was a d—d deal of corruption in A.'s intemperance.' Happening to be at the British Museum, viewing the Townley Marbles, when a person came in and announced the death of Mr. Pitt, Thurlow was heard to say, 'a d—d good hand at turning a period!' and no more.

"The following anecdote (continues his lordship) was related by Lord Eldon:—

"After dinner, one day when nobody was present but Lord Kenyon and myself, Lord Thurlow said, 'Taffy,\* I decided a cause this morning, and I saw from Scott's face he doubted whether I was right.' Thurlow then stated his view of the case, and Kenyon instantly said, 'Your decision was quite right.' 'What say you to that?' asked the Chancellor. I said, 'I did not presume to form a judgment upon a case in which they both agreed. But I think a fact has not been mentioned, which may be material!' I was about to state the fact and my reasons. Kenyon, however, broke in upon me, and, with some warmth, stated that I was always so obstinate, there was no dealing with me. 'Nay,' interposed Thurlow, 'that's not fair. You, Taffy, are obstinate, and give no reasons; you, Jack Scott, are obstinate too; but then you give your reasons, and d—d bad ones they are!'"

"In Thurlow's time, the habit of profane swearing was unhappily so common, that Bishop Horsley, and other right reverend prelates, are said not to have been entirely exempt from it; but Thurlow indulged in it to a degree that admits of no excuse. I have been told by an old gentleman, who was standing behind the woolstack at the time that Sir Hay Campbell, then Lord Advocate, arguing a Scotch appeal at the bar in a very tedious manner, said, 'I will noo, my lords, proceed

to my seevent pownt.' 'I'll be d—d, if you do,' cried Lord Thurlow, so as to be heard by all present; 'this House is adjourned till Monday next,' and off he scampered.—Sir James Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, used to relate that, while he and several other legal characters were dining with Lord Chancellor Thurlow, his lordship happening to swear at his Swiss valet, when retiring from the room, the man returned, just put his head in, and exclaimed, 'I won't be d—d for you, Milor'; which caused the noble host and all his guests to burst out into a roar of laughter. From another valet he received a still more cutting retort. Having scolded this meek man for some time without receiving any answer, he concluded by saying, 'I wish you were in hell.' The terrified valet at last exclaimed, 'I wish I was, my lord! I wish I was!'

"Sir Thomas Davenport, a great *nisi prius* leader, had been intimate with Thurlow, and long flattered himself with the hopes of succeeding to some valuable appointment in the law; but several good things passing by, he lost his patience and temper along with them. At last he addressed this laconic application to his patron: 'The Chief Justiceship of Chester is vacant; am I to have it?' and received the following laconic answer—'No! by God! Kenyon shall have it.'

"Having once got into a dispute with a bishop respecting a living, of which the Great Seal had the alternate presentation, the bishop's secretary called upon him, and said, 'My lord of — sends his compliments to your lordship, and believes that the next turn to present to — belongs to his lordship.' *Chancellor.*—'Give my compliments to his lordship, and tell him that I will see him damned first before he shall present.' *Secretary.*—'This, my lord, is a very unpleasant message to deliver to a bishop.' 'You are right, it is so, therefore tell the bishop that I will be d—d first before he shall present.'"

Lord Campbell concludes his records of the Chancellor's *jurisdiction* (if we may coin a word for a precedent so extraordinary), by frankly extracting into his pages the whole of a long damnable ode, which was put into the judge's mouth by the authors of the once-famous collection of libels called *Criticisms on the Rolliad and Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*,—the precursor, and very witty precursor, though flagrantly coarse and personal, of the *Anti-Jacobin Magazine* and the *Rejected Addresses*. They were on the Whig side of politics, and are understood to have been the production of Dr. Lawrence, a civilian, and George Ellis, the author of several elegant works connected with poetry and romance. We shall notice the book further when we come to speak of Mr. Ellis himself. Lord Thurlow is made to contribute one of the Probationary Odes; and he does it in so abundant and complete a style, that bold as our "innocence" makes us in this particular, yet not having the legal warrant of the biographer, we really have not the courage to bring it in as evidence. The reader, however, may guess of what sort of stuff it is composed, when he hears that it begins with the comprehensive line,

"Damnation seize ye all;"

and ends with the following pleasing and particular couplet:—

"Damn them beyond what mortal tongue can tell;  
Confound, sink, plunge them all, to deepest, blackest hell."

After this, it will hardly be a climax to add, that Peter Pindar said of this Keeper of the King's Conscience, with great felicity, that he "swore his prayers."

We have been thus particular on the subject of Lord Thurlow's swearing, partly because it is the main point of his lordship's character with posterity, but chiefly

\* Thurlow politely calls Kenyon *Taffy*, because the latter was a Welshman. *Scott* is Lord Eldon himself.

\* *Lives of the Chancellors*. Second Series. Vol. v. pp. 644, 664.

that we might shew what has already been intimated; namely, what a nothing such talk has become, and what high time it is to treat it as it deserves, and give it no longer in typography those implied awful significances, those under-breaths and intensifications of initials and hyphens, which make it pretend to have a meaning, and are the main cause why it survives. The word *damned* in Lord Thurlow's mouth, for all its emphasis and effect, had as little meaning as the word *blest*, or the word *conscience*. It has equally little meaning in anybody's. It no more signifies what it was originally intended to signify, than the word "cursed" means *anathematized*, or the word "pontificate" means *bridge-making*. This is the natural death of oaths in any tremendous sense of the words, or in any sense at all. They become things of "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Who that utters the word "zounds," imagines that he is speaking of such awful and inconceivable things as "God's wounds," though literally he is doing so? Or what honest farmer, who ejaculates "Please the pigs" (such extraordinary things do reform and vicissitude bring together!) supposes that his Protestant soul is propitiating the Pyre, or Holy Sacrament box, of the Roman Catholic Church? Yet time was, when the innocent word "zounds" was written with the same culpatory dashes and hyphens as the "damns that have had their day"; and "pigs," we suppose, were exenterated in like manner; suggested only by their heads and tails,—the first letter and the last. We happen to be no swearers ourselves, so that we are speaking a good word for no custom of our own; though, we confess, that when we come to an oath as a trait of character, in biography or in fiction, we are no more in the habit of baulking it, than we are of ignoring any other harmless ejaculation; and therefore, by reason of its very nonsense and nothingness, we like to see it written plainly out as if it were nothing, instead of being mystified into a more nonsensical importance. We have known better men than ourselves who have sworn; and we have known worse; but with none of them had the word any meaning, nor has it any, ever, except in the pulpit; where it is a pity (as many an excellent clergyman has thought) that it is heard at all. Treat it lightly elsewhere, as an expletive and a mere way of speaking, and it will come to nothing as it deserves, and follow the obsolete "plagues" and "murrains" of our ancestors.

The only persons who profess to swear to any purpose, are the Roman Catholics; and they, indeed, may well be said to swear "terribly"—or rather they would do so, if any poor set of human creatures, fallible by the necessity of their natures, could of a surety know what is infallible, and be commissioned by a writing on the sun or moon to let us hear it. Lord Thurlow, with all his damns, and his big voice, and his power of imprisonment to boot, was a babe of grace compared with the Roman Catholic Bishop of Rochester who thundered forth the famous excommunication which the Protestant chapter-clerk of that city gave to the author of *Tristram Shandy* to put in his book; to the immortal honour of said Protestant, and disgrace of the unalterable and infallible Roman Catholic Churchmen; who, when delivered from their bonds, and complimented on partaking of the progress and civilisation common to the rest of the world, take the first opportunity for shewing us we are mistaken, and crying damnation on their deliverers.

We shall not repeat the document alluded to, lest we should be thought to give the light matter of which we have been treating, a tone of too much importance. Suffice it to say, that when all the powers, and angels, and very virgins of heaven are called upon by the excommunication to "curse" and "damn" the object of it limb by limb (literally so), his eyes, his brains, and his heart (how unlike fair human readers, who doubt

whether the very word "damn" should be uttered), good Uncle Toby interposes one of those world-famous pleasantries which have shaken the old Vatican beyond recovery.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my Uncle Toby; "but nothing to this. For my own part, I could not have the heart to curse my dog so."

We beg pardon for this digression. We do not intend to indulge in similar wanderings during our progress through the streets; that is to say, not upon occasions so trifling. Touch upon such important points we must, for London is built upon their ruins; and may no such infernal airs ever breathe again from out them.

In the house which had been occupied by Lord Thurlow, there resided some years afterwards, for a short period, a man of singularly opposite character and fortunes,—gentle, panegyric, unobtrusive, and (compared with what was to have been expected of his abilities) unsuccessful for want of energy. This was Sir James Mackintosh, of whom we shall say more when we come to speak of the house in which he died; abodes less marked by event in a person's history not being the places in which we most dwell on his character.

At No. 25, then the residence of Sir Edward Knatchbull, now the Institution of Civil Engineers, the body of Lord Byron lay in state, awaiting the decision of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster as to whether it was to be interred in the Abbey. The result is well known. The question must be allowed to have been a puzzling one, considering what the Abbey preaches, and what his lordship professed. But had spirit instead of letter been brought in to solve it, the point, we think, might have been conceded, and the scoffer, in magnanimous charity, been laid at rest. Mention of anything objectionable might easily have been avoided in the epitaph, and occasion even been taken from it to administer a loving rebuke. He was a "stranger," and they should have "taken him in."

#### A DISCOURSE ON FOOD.

TALK about your Philosophy, your Progress of the Species, and what not, as long as you will, I must maintain that your Philosophies are vague and dark, and your Progress illusory, so long as you possess no well-defined, generally-received Philosophy of Food. Do not sneer at me, good reader; it is even as I say. Until we come to see Food in its proper light, to understand its mighty influence on human thought and human action; or, in other words, to understand in its higher phases the Philosophy of Food, the greater proportion of existing evils will remain unalleviated, and solid, practical advancement be a mere chimera. For my own part, I have got to regard nature through the medium of Food. To me there is no subject so important. I can trace private and public calamities and prosperities altogether to the agency of Food. I believe that as Food is recognised as the final cause of man, the nation prospers. The literature and the manners of a people will be but the reflections of their meat and drink, and the importance attached to them. Contrast present literature and present manners with those of the fine old, classic, eating-and-drinking era. What is our literature worth? Is there any pith, and marrow, and back-bone, and sinews, and flesh-and-blood in our existing writers? Is it not all thin glitter that they produce, or at best appreciation of the externals of life? Where is the importance of the internal, stomachic arrangements duly recognised and duly set forth? With the exception of Charles Lamb's Essay on Roast Pig, this century has added no one worthy contribution to the literature of the world. We deal nowadays with the fanciful products of the machine; the great force that keeps the machine going in its



full vitality we shirk and cast a veil over. Your three-volume never draws Almeria and Clarinda as though they ate hearty dinners and had indigestion. He dare not do it. The taste of the age would put it and him down. We are poor children, that think to banish our stomachs and their "rights," by putting our heads under the clothes and refusing to see them. The Ancients were better men than we. They had no false delicacy. They communed with nature at the fountain source, and understood the primal springs of Thought and Action. They had a becoming reverence for the stomach; a proper enthusiasm for Food. They never twaddled about groves, and bulbuls, and moonlight serenades, and love triumphing over lumbagoes and rheumatisms. They sang the praises of meat and drink with gusto; from the heart, heartily; and made love with foaming brimmers before them, and not in spiderous arbours and damp meadows. Their women were worthy them. They were not that namby-pamby race who live on small talk and muffins; but genuine, buoyant, brave-hearted women. Not such as sing "When other lips," and to whom you give "Women of England," but such as would race with you, play leap frog with you, and afterward sit down and suck their dozen pounds of grapes, or eat their haunch of boiled buffalo, and quaff their beakers with the best man among you. That is the reason why one adores the Classics. We must go back to them before we reach, with the exception of here and there a racy Italian or Spaniard, or old Elizabethan Briton, genuine writers and *bona-fide* inspirations from the true sources. The true golden age was when Man acknowledged himself simply as a Food-eating animal, and did not bother about Ideals, and other noun-adjectives with large capitals; the true Utopia to come will be when Man again perceives how Food is at the bottom of all things, underlies art, science, literature, and every-day life, and is the chief actor in the confused melodrama enacted in this playhouse of a world.

Long enough since, Milton said that epic poetry must be written on water, and thereby intimated the fluid phase of my argument. We all know that Gin and Water produced Don Juan. Men are but agents, carrying out the fads of the sovereign Food. Della Crusca had its rise in chocolate and bon-bons. Beef-steaks wrote "Johnson's Lives of the Poets." Vegetables created the sublime abstractions of Percy Shelley. It was beef and sack that composed the plays we call Shakspeare's. Beef indited the Henry V. and the historical plays. Beer had its share in the "Merry Wives" of Windsor. Light food and sack produced the fairied "Midsummer Night's Dream." How does the Reader imagine that opposite views of social life originate. In a varied application of the Inductive method does he imagine? Not at all; they originate on the Introductive system solely: originate in the Food introduced into the system. Instance: Your Author rises hot and feverish from crude surfeit of an evening supper; he breaks fast off lobster and pickled herring, and strong coffee. Indigestion is the result. He sits down to write upon the State of the Nation. Now, do what he will, the view taken will neither be his own view, nor the real state, but a mere disturbed phantasmagoria of an indigesting breakfast. Of course, consistency makes him swear to-morrow to all he writes to-day; and thus, by the instrumentality of Food, you have an Apostle of Decadence. Again, your Author rises fresh and brisk, takes a light and wholesome meal, strolls into the fields and feels the oxygenization fill his frame with healthy pleasure, and he returns to his study and pens an article which makes every individual who, like the author, is in a state of exhilarant Digestion, believe firmly that we are steeped to the ears in the blessings of a Millennium. Thus, by the breakfasts of two men, you have the two schools of Optimists and Pessimists at once created. Or say they be purely lite-

rary men. The former gives wild legends of despair and murder, or sings eloquent Jeremiads over private and public woes; while the latter broadens our sympathies, and sends our pulses beating with a freer, fresher life. Indeed, it is quite possible to tell the state of a man's stomach from his writings. I know perfectly well what particular descriptions of writing particular viands will produce. Chops manifest their influence in one thing; pork in another; and fried soles in another. Mr. Dickens must be one of the most judicious eaters of his day. Those glorious endings of his stories, where everything turns up exactly as all good men would have it, where every one gets his deserts, and the finale is so happy, and all are so exuberantly jolly, that you can hardly help singing up your hat for joy and joining in an imaginary dance of jubilee, and failing that, cry with joyful emotion;—this is the product of Digestion, and not of Indigestion, and has not its rise in mulligatawny or crimped cod. If space and propriety permitted, it would be easy to glance over all our living authors, and indicate their dinners from their writings. But space, &c., does not permit; so the reader must use his own sagacity in following the track of thought which has thus been shown him.

If we turn to Politics the same thing meets us there. What caused the French Revolution? Food (or the want of it). What made Charles I. and Laud obstinately push on their ruin? Food (French dishes). What causes Chartist insurrections? Food (or not enough of it). The particular dogmas fought for have only been the forms of a rage created by the gnawing of the gastric juices, or of the stupidity of over-feeding and dyspepsia. A political league assembles after dinner, when the majority are suffering from repletion. What is the result? They take a line of policy which wrecks the whole affair. Or, perhaps, the majority have their digestive processes in excellent order, and then all is hope and insight; they pass vigorous motions, double their subscriptions, give a testimonial to an efficient secretary, and, in a little, the end is accomplished.

But it is in private life that Food reigns most markedly absolute. It stimulates or it blunts the perceptive faculties; it increases or it diminishes the will; it enlivens or it deadens the moral sense. The son comes home and devours an enormous supper—the father speaks cross to him—he replies, as an indigesting stomach always will reply—the father strikes him—he appeals to his supper for advice, and receives an indigested one, to the effect that he should run away. On the morrow, hunger and the rear-guard of Indigestion awakening sullen pride, he persists in his course, and a home and a family are made miserable by a supper! Stripped of all outer garnishes, such is the simple cause of all our important mistakes; and the reverse is the cause of our successes. When Amelia jilts the Honourable Sidney, when the young clerk decamps with the "cash in hand," when husband and wife separate, when a family retires to Australia, depend upon it Food has more to do with it than the Volition, or the Impulses, or the Reason, as shallow Metaphysicians would assert. It was being in a high state of health, in feeling the process of oxygenization strike with warm life to the very toes, that made men see nothing but rich returns in railways, which compelled them to speculate and to be ruined. I had a friend once who fell a victim to food. He had an exceedingly capricious stomach, and among many other things could not eat vegetables of any kind, but especially of the pea and bean tribe. He was in love, deeply, passionately, madly, of course, with a young lady who returned his affection. But his indigestion taking the form of bilious attacks, made him intolerably jealous and suspicious, and he was eternally quarrelling with the object of his love. But *amantium ira*, &c., and they had always been speedily

reconciled, until one day he chanced to drop in at the middle of dinner time, and caught the family eating broad beans and bacon; things long ago in vain protested against by Pythagoras. In an evil hour he joined the repast. Regardless of his digestion, he consumed a prodigious quantity of beans. In the course of the afternoon he grew morose and sulky; he no longer called the lady by endearing epithets; he cast no more love glances, unperceived, upon her. Later on he began to mumble something about a single gentleman over the way. The lady's patience was exhausted. She replied tartly. He rejoined bitterly; and the end of all was, that in great indignation and in greater indigestion he rushed home—loaded a horse-pistol—printed on a card, "Yours till death," in German text and red ink, pasted it on his hat front, and then returned and blew the ramrod through himself at the door-steps of her dwelling. Some blamed the lady, and said it was coldness acting upon a sensitive and excitable temperament that caused his end; others, that it was a bad disposition which would rather take revenge at a great cost, than acknowledge a fault; the Coroner's Inquest decided it was "Temporary Insanity"; but I knew well enough that it was broad beans, and nothing else, that had done it.

"We are such stuff as food doth make us, and"—it has just occurred to me to read what I have written, and to consider my own dinner. I think that salmon, champagne, saddle of mutton, partridge, port, claret, plum tart, and ices, will sufficiently account for the mild atmosphere of madness which floats over this singular lucubration.

And yet I cannot help feeling that there is a method in the madness.

S.

## Two Hundred and Fifty Years ago.

[From a Waste-Paper Bag of T. Carlyle's.]

No. III.

SIR THOMAS DUTTON AND SIR HATTON CHEEK.

HIS MAJESTY, as I perceive in spite of calumnies, was not a "coward"; see how he behaved in the Gowrie Conspiracy and elsewhere: but he knew the value, to all persons, and to all interests of persons, of a whole skin; how unthrifty everywhere is any solution of continuity, if it can be avoided! He struggled to preside pacifically over an age of some ferocity much given to wrangling. Peace here, if possible; skins were not made for mere slitting and slashing! You that are for war, cannot you go abroad, and fight the Papist Spaniards? Over in the Netherlands there is always fighting enough. You that are of ruffling humour, gather your truculent ruffians together; make yourselves colonels over them; go to the Netherlands, and fight your bellyful!

Which accordingly many do, earning deathless war-lauzels for the moment; and have done, and will continue doing, in those generations. Our gallant Veres, Earl of Oxford and the others, it has long been their way; gallant Cecil, to be called Earl of Wimbledon; gallant Sir John Burroughs, gallant Sir Hatton Cheek,—it is still their way. Deathless military renowns are gathered there in this manner; deathless for the moment. Did not Ben Jonson, in his young hard days, bear arms very manfully as a private soldado there? Ben, who now writes learned plays and court-masks as Poet-Laureate, served manfully with pike and sword there, for his groat a day with rations. And once when a Spanish soldier came strutting forward between the lines, flourishing his weapon, and defying all persons in general,—Ben stepped forth, as I hear,\* fenced that braggart Spaniard, since no other would do it;

and ended by soon slitting him in two, and so silencing him! Ben's war-tuck, to judge by the flourish of his pen, must have had a very dangerous stroke in it.

"Swashbuckler age," we said; but the expression was incorrect, except as a figure. Bucklers went out, fifty years ago, "about the twentieth of Queen Elizabeth"; men do not now swash with them, or fight in that way. Iron armour has mostly gone out, except in mere pictures of soldiers: King James said, It was an excellent invention; you could get no harm, and neither could you do any, in it. Bucklers, either for horse or foot, are quite gone. Yet old Mr. Stowe, good chronicler, can recollect when every gentleman had his buckler: and at length every serving man and city dandy. Smithfield,—still a waste field, full of puddles in wet weather,—was in those days full of buckler duels, every Sunday and holiday in the dry season; and was called Ruffian's Rig, or some such name.

A man, in those days, bought his buckler, of gilt leather and wood, at the haberdasher's; "hung it over his back, by a strap fastened to the pommel of his sword in front." Elegant men showed what taste, or sense of poetic beauty, was in them by the fashion of their buckler. With Spanish beaver, with starched ruff, and elegant Spanish cloak, with elegant buckler hanging at his back, a man, if his moustachios and boots were in good order, stepped forth with some satisfaction. Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard; a decidedly truculent-looking figure. Jostle him in the street thoroughfares, accidentally splash his boots as you pass,—by Heaven, the buckler gets upon his arm, the sword flashes in his fist, with oaths enough; and you too being ready, there is a noise! Clink, clank, death and fury; all persons gathering round, and new quarrels springing from this one! And Dogberry comes up with the town guard? And the shopkeepers hastily close their shops? Nay, it is hardly necessary, says Mr. Howe: these buckler fights amount only to noise, for most part; the jingle of iron against tin and painted leather. Ruffling swashers strutting along, with big oaths and whiskers, delight to pick a quarrel; but the rule is, you do not thrust, you do not strike below the waist; and it was oftenest a dry duel—mere noise, as of working tinsmiths with profane swearing! Empty vapouring bullybrooks and braggarts, they encumber the thoroughfares mainly. Dogberry and Verges ought to apprehend them. I have seen, in Smithfield on a dry holiday, "thirty of them on a side," fighting and hammering as if for life; and was not at the pains\* to look at them, the blockheads; their noise as the mere beating of old kettles to me!

The truth is, serving-men themselves, and City apprentices had got reckless, and the duels, no death following, ceased to be sublime. About fifty years ago, serious men took to fighting with rapiers, and the buckler fell away. Holles in Sherwood, as we saw, fought with rapier, and he soon spoiled Markham. Rapier and dagger especially; that is a more silent duel, but a terribly serious one! Perhaps the reader will like to take a view of one such serious duel in those days, and therewith close this desultory chapter.

It was at the siege of Juliers, in the Netherlands wars, of the year 1609; we give the date, for wars are perpetual, or nearly so, in the Netherlands. At one of the storm-parties of the siege of Juliers, the gallant Sir Hatton Cheek, above alluded to, a superior officer of the English force which fights there under my Lord Cecil, that shall be Wimbledon; the gallant Sir Hatton, I say, being of hot temper, superior officer, and the service a storm-party on some bastion or demilune, speaks sharp word of command to Sir Thomas Dutton, the officer under him, who also is probably of hot temper in this hot moment. Sharp word of command to

\* Life of Ben Jonson.

\* Stowe's Chronicle, and Howe's Continuation, 1824, &c.

Dutton; and the movement not proceeding rightly, sharp word of rebuke. To which Dutton, with kindled voice, answers something sharp; is answered still more sharply with voice high-flaming;—whereat Dutton suddenly holds in; says merely, "He is under military duty here, but perhaps will not always be so;" and rushing forward, does his order silently, the best he can. His order done, Dutton straightway lays down his commission; packs up, that night, and returns to England.

Sir Hutton Cheek prosecutes his work at the siege of Juliers; gallantly assists at the taking of Juliers, triumphant over all the bastions and half-moons there; but hears withal that Dutton is at home in England, defaming him as a choleric tyrant and so forth. Dreadful news, which brings some biliary attack on the gallant man, and reduces him to a bed of sickness. Hardly recovered, he despatches message to Dutton, That he shall request to have the pleasure of his company, with arms and seconds ready, on some neutral ground,—Calais sands for instance,—at an early day, if convenient. Convenient; yes, as dinner to the hungry! answers Dutton; and time, place, and circumstances are rapidly enough agreed upon.

And so, on Calais sands, in a winter morning of the year 1600, this is what we see, most authentically, through the lapse of dim Time. Two gentlemen strip to the shirt and waistband; in the two hands of each a rapier and dagger clutched; their looks sufficiently serious! The seconds, having stripped, equipt, and fairly overhauled and certified them, are just about retiring from the measured fate-circle, not without indignation that *they* are forbidden to fight. Two gentlemen in this alarming posture; of whom the Universe knows, has known, and will know nothing, except that they were of choleric humour, and assisted in the Netherlands wars! They are evidently English human creatures, in the height of silent fury and measured circuit of fate; whom we here audibly name once more, Sir Hutton Cheek, Sir Thomas Dutton, knights both, soldadoes both. Ill-fated English human creatures, what horrible confusion of the Pit is this?

Dutton, though in suppressed rage, the seconds about to withdraw, will explain some things if a word were granted. "No words," says the other; "stand on your guard!" brandishing his rapier, grasping harder his dagger. Dutton, now silent too, is on his guard. Good Heavens: after some brief flourishing and flashing,—the gleam of the swift clear steel playing madly in one's eyes,—they, at the first pass, plunge home on one another; home, with beak and claws; home to the very heart! Cheek's rapier is through Dutton's throat from before, and his dagger is through it from behind,—the windpipe miraculously missed; and, in the same instant, Dutton's rapier is through Cheek's body from before, his dagger through his back from behind,—lungs and life *not* missed; and the seconds have to advance, "pull out the four bloody weapons," disengage that hell-embarras of theirs. This is serious enough! Cheek reels, his life fast flowing; but still rushes rabid on Dutton, who merely parries, skips; till Cheek reels down, dead in his rage. "He had a bloody burial there that morning," says my ancient friend.\* He will assist no more in the Netherlands or other wars.

Such scene does History disclose, as in sunbeams, as in blazing hell-fire, on Calais sands in the raw winter morning; then drops the blanket of centuries, of everlasting Night, over it, and passes on elsewhere. Gallant Sir Hutton Cheek lies buried there, and Cecil of Wimbledon, son of Burleigh, will have to seek another superior officer. What became of the living Dutton afterwards, I have never to this moment had the least hint.

\* Wilson (in Kennet), ii. 684.

## Original Poetry.

### THE SUN.

"Who shall describe the Sun?" I stood and cried:—  
 "No earthly mind," methought a voice replied.  
 "Behold his dazzling splendour in the sea;  
 To view him on his throne would conquer thee!"—  
 "Who shall describe the Sun?" again I cried;  
 A voice again more loudly thus replied—  
 "Nor poet, nor philosopher, nor sage,  
 Can speak his glory through the longest age!  
 Lord of the high-form'd hosts, whose living light  
 Crowns alpine brows with diadems of gold,  
 Paints the soft clouds in their aerial flight  
 With bounteous beauty never to be told.  
 Ay! ask, vain man, who shall describe the Sun,  
 And list thy undisputed answer—NONE!"

ANDREW PARK.\*

## New Books Speaking for Themselves.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE; OR, CURIOSITIES OF FAMILY HISTORY. By GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY and of English Literature, in the Queen's College, Belfast. Vol. the Fourth. Chapman and Hall.

(Second Notice.)

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SOMERSET AND DEAN SWIFT.

The fantastic exhibitions which he (Charles Seymour, the seventh Duke) used to make of his sense of the importance of his title and station procured him the distinctive designation of the proud Duke of Somerset; and many stories are told of the height to which he carried his self-deification. It is affirmed that, not only would he never suffer any of his children to sit in his presence, but, when he went to sleep in his arm-chair of an afternoon he used to have a daughter stationed to keep watch and ward all the while at each elbow. On one occasion, suddenly awakened from his nap, which, perhaps, he had protracted beyond the usual allowance, to his astonishment and indignation, he caught one of his fair sentinels seated, on which he told her she should have cause to remember her unfilial and unfeeling disobedience; and it is said that he left her in his will twenty thousand pounds less than her sister. To his servants, it is alleged, he deigned to speak only by signs.

The Duchess of Somerset was held in much higher general estimation than her vain, crochety, half-crazy husband. When the Whigs were turned out, partly by the Duke's exertions and influence, in 1710, although the new ministry would have nothing to do with his grace, they gave his wife two of the court offices—those of Groom of the Stole and Mistress of the Robes—which had been taken from the Duchess of Marlborough. But the Tories, who had now got possession of the Government, soon began to regard the Duchess of Somerset as the main obstacle to their complete ascendancy over the Queen. In Swift's *Journal to Stella*, written in 1711 and 1712, his dread and horror of her Grace, and his anxiety for her removal, break out in many passages. "Your Duchess of Somerset," he says in one place, "who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman." This is in March 1711, when his suspicion and jealousy were only beginning to ferment. Afterwards we find him fuming and storming about "your—d Duchess of Somerset." In December he notes,—“We must certainly fall if the Duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody believes the Queen will ever part with her.” And it was about this date that, in the impatience of his rage and fear, he perpetrated his famous *Windsor Prophecy*—an atrocity never by the Duchess to be forgotten or forgiven. The *Prophecy*, written in antique English, is pretended to have been found in a grave at Windsor, and, after a few introductory lines, runs on thus:—

\* Mr. Park is very severe and peremptory upon "us youth," who do what we can to praise the sun; but as he probably never heard of our particular panegyrics, and is a worthy sun-worshipper himself, we go heartily along with the impossibility of which he speaks; only begging him to recollect, that praise in such cases does not pretend to do justice.—L. H.



"And, dear England, if aught I understand,  
Beware of carrots from Northumberland.  
Carrots sown Thynm a deep root may get  
If so they be in *Somer* set;  
Their *Conyngs* mark thou; for I have been told  
They assassin when young, and poison when old.  
Root out these carrots, O thou whose name  
Is backwards and forwards always the same;  
And keep close to thee always that name,  
Which backwards and forwards is almost the same:  
And, England, wouldst thou be happy still,  
Bury the carrots under the *Hill*."

The two names are those of the Queen (Anna) and Mrs. Masham (originally Miss Hill), the great stay and dependence of the Tory party, or at least of the Swift and Beling-broke section of it. By the "carrots from Northumberland," is most ungallantly intended to be symbolized the fair Percy, who, with all her gifts of nature and fortune, was, it seems, unhappy enough to have red hair. The insinuation in the verses that she had been a party to the murder of her former husband would scarcely, perhaps, be more keenly felt than their audacious allusion to this personal peculiarity. But Swift had almost better have sported with the hydra-resses of Medusa than with her Grace's carrotty locks. The publication of the *Prophecy* was prevented by Mrs. Masham, who knew the Duchess's influence with the Queen too well not to be alarmed at the madness of giving her such offence. Swift himself, indeed, was aware, as he tells us,—"That she had more personal credit than all the Queen's servants put together;" but some copies of the verses were printed for the members of the Club of Brothers, and one of these could not be long in finding its way to her Grace. It is believed to have been through her unappeasable resentment that the access to the episcopal bench—the grand ambition of his life—was shut to Swift for ever. The see of Hereford became vacant about a year after this, and all the interest of the chief persons in power was exerted to get their most zealous and efficient supporter, and intimate personal friend, made the new bishop. Their efforts would, probably, have been successful; but the Duchess of Somerset went to Anne, and, as the scene is described by the elder Sheridan, did not leave her till she had wrung from her a promise, by prayers and tears, that the appointment should not be made.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. By the Author of "Sketches of Cantab." London: GEORGE EARLE, 67, Castle-street, East.

#### FROM THE PREFACE.

Among the many advantages attending upon prefaces to light works, I believe that, first and foremost, stands the fact that no one, by any chance, ever reads them. The wearied and worried author strings together a few sentences about the public being really too benevolent, his health being really very bad, other avocations having prevented him from devoting such attention to the subject as he could have wished (all satisfactorily proving, *in limine*, that the book ought never to have been written at all), and, prefixing to the aforesaid sentences the title of "Preface," or "Address to the Reader," hurries them into a part of the volume, where they have the double merit of not being exposed to criticism, and of filling up a great deal of space.

This manifest advantage, of being able to write what one chooses, without the fear of being called to account for the absence of grammar, or of sense, will, I am afraid, be denied to my Preface. I even suspect that it will be the very first part to which those who take up the book will turn, if only to find out what excuse the author can possibly allege for publishing a work about America at all. "At a time when we are nearly bored to death with Travels in the United States and the East," some one will exclaim, "what should induce this obscure individual to come forward and inflict his experiences upon the world? We have had enough about America." I believe, indeed, that a volume purporting to be written about the New World, enters upon life in the Old World, under the same disadvantages as a youth with carrotty hair or a squint. It is an unprepossessing volume; the booksellers shake their heads at it, and the public pass it by.

#### HOME ONCE MORE.

Here again! Here is a memorial to a man who was hale and hearty when you were last in England. They are getting up this memorial to him, on the plea that he was "good." Well—well—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Nobody can complain, that in Great Britain the charitable precept

is not observed. Here are bishops, alarmed at the Papal crisis, eating their own expressions, and the sentiments with which you have always associated their names—here are men appointed to high offices in Chancery, who, a few months ago, were at the common-law bar, and would, probably, have refused to give you their opinion on a question of equity—here are third editions of popular novels that you had never heard of—people passing through the Insolvent Court, whom you used to toady for their dinners—men and women being married together, among the advertisements, who, when you left, were both married to some one else—two more shop-fronts added to Moses and Sons' establishment—more Dukes cured by Holloway's pills. So the world moves round, and only one thing remains the same. It is unnecessary to say that I allude to Smithfield.

It is not, upon the whole, unpleasant to lay down the paper, and to move on, with your luggage, to the railway station. To sit six or seven hours cooped up in the carriage, between Liverpool and London, is not usually considered pleasant, it is true; but it almost becomes so, when you call to mind that you might be passing the same number of hours in an American car. As you think of those fearful vehicles, and their yellow inmates, a shudder will pass across your frame, but it will be the shudder with which a man, seated by a comfortable fire, listens to the roaring of the winter wind outside. You will, perhaps, be inclined to meditate, as you take your seat, that happiness is, after all, the great object of mankind, and that you, for your part, would be happier—and, to all intents and purposes, freer—in a despotic country, with the rack and the Inquisition for your institutions, than under the stars and stripes. For, in the one case, the chances are a thousand to one that you are never submitted to the rack or the knout. Whereas, the minor modes of torment incident to the latter are, like the sword of Damocles, always suspended over your head. They are not, like other tortures, the price of your adherence to a pure and disinterested (I mean an unsuccessful) line of politics, or an unfashionable creed in religion. They pursue the victim into private life, and come down upon people of every line of politics, and of every creed.

It is pleasant (if you are not a shareholder) to contemplate the stability of the railway constructions, and to see what a beautiful terminus has been erected at Liverpool, for the accommodation of travellers. Here are no rude wooden barns, like those which you have left behind you; no lines of rail running right through the main streets of Warrington, Birmingham, and Rugby. No! everything looks, as it ought to do in Old England, solid and substantial. You cross your puddles, on aqueducts; your unfrequented by-lanes, on stone suspension bridges. Looking out of the window, at the different stations along the line, you have an opportunity of comparing together all the known styles of architecture, and some styles which you had not known before. Gothic, Ostro-Gothic, Saxon, Norman, Decorated, Vandal—all are here. Even the flower-pots in the superintendent's bed-room window are mediæval. I am not a shareholder, and, therefore, I found all this very pleasant and refreshing to look at, after crossing the ocean.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MANCHESTER; intended to illustrate the Progress of Public Opinion, from 1792 to 1832. By MR. ARCHIBALD PRENTICE.

#### A FRUGAL PEER.

We went back to the days of the "Club," Dr. Johnson's cord-law tract being the train of association. Bentham had dined with some of the fraternity one day, and observing that Boswell had made some excuse to go back to the dining-room when the party were on their way to the drawing-room, and having some suspicion that the excuse was not the real one, he turned back and wickedly detected Boswell in the act of swallowing glassful after glassful, hastily poured out from the bottoms of the decanters, of sundry varieties of wine that stood on the table, under the influence of which, when he joined the ladies, the biographer of Johnson became as eloquent as, according to his own account, he had ever been, under similar influence, in the presence of the Duchess of Argyll. I amused Bentham by telling him how Boswell's father on one occasion had combined frugality with generosity. My great uncle had been tutor to James, and Lord Auchinleck, *more Scotorum*, had rewarded him with a kirk, a cheap way of repaying family obligation. When my relative was about to be married, the

old Whig lord was told by one of his friends that he ought to make the minister a present of some plate, but unwilling to lay out money, he took a dozen silver spoons from the family store, with the family initials upon them, and had the tail of the B altered, so as to convert it into a tolerably decent R, the initial of his son's instructor, and these with a half dozen small mugs of the same metal, and similarly re-inscribed were presented in form. The plate is now in possession of my brother, and the alteration is very obvious.

## The Weekly Novelist.

VI.

### OLD ENGLISH JUSTICE.

BY EDMUND FITZ-CHARLES.

In the early part of the year 1654, the stability of the existing state of things in England—a Republic nominally, but in fact an Autocracy maintained by a man of singular energy and genius for the government of nations—appeared to be assured beyond the hope or fear of change. The prospects of the Stuart family seemed to be utterly destroyed, as far as any return to regal sway was concerned; the power of the rival Republic in Holland was effectually crushed, and the Dutch government reduced to accept the most humble conditions of peace; Portugal was glad to purchase immunity from the Protector's arms by the payment of an immense sum of money; and the French monarch, "hiding his honour in his necessity," and pocketing his sympathies for imperialism and the commonplaces of regality, was forced to pay court to the new principles which he thought were about to govern the world. Yet many in England were dissatisfied; and some were busily engaged in planning how to bring back the old form of things in Church and State.

One afternoon in the May of that year, a young man, of about two-and-twenty, and of gentlemanly appearance and demeanour, was walking up and down the open space then extending at the back of the Strand, about the locality now occupied by the Adelphi, and called "the New Exchange" in emulation of the older and more celebrated one built by Sir Thomas Gresham. Many other persons, of both sexes, perambulated the same spot; but they were merely sauntering to and fro, like human butterflies, looking at the shops which surrounded the open square, and gossiping among themselves on light and indifferent topics; while the young man referred to walked apart from the rest, with an uncertain, half-pausing step, and eyes bent anxiously on the ground. His dress was that of a cavalier of the period; but, although his age and evident station in life might have naturally inclined him to such things, he took no notice of the various goods exposed for sale in the shops, seeming to be abstracted and lost in meditation.

"It must be done," he said to himself—"it must be done. The nation groans under a tyranny which it took for freedom, till the mailed foot was on its neck. Shall the blood of thousands flow, or the blood of one? Shall this imperious upstart fill the place of God's anointed, and cheat the people with a show of royalty, when one strong purpose and one sudden blow would bring us back our real king, the latest blossom of that ancient tree under which we have lived for centuries, and rejoiced, and grown mighty? A glare of bloodshed hangs above our land: one drop more, and the red light may vanish. I cannot see the green upon my native fields until this great avengement balances the huge miseries that cry out to Heaven. Surely the expiation does not exceed the measure of the wrong:—one life against a myriad. Let me think of this—let me but think of this—and my heart will not faint within me when the reckoning comes. The first thought of the deed shakes me, I believe, more than the deed itself will do. I dread the nights that lie

between the conception and the execution of my purpose; methinks I shall see the ghost of what I *have* to do, like a vague presence in the darkness by my bed; but when it *is* done—if Heaven so direct it—I think I shall sleep soundly, and dream not. Howsoever, my soul is bent towards this end; and it shall move erect and calm, even though it walk through torture."

His mind would probably have gone on in the same strain, had not a light tap on his shoulder caused him to look round, with a start. The author of this interruption was a man who, from the character of his dress, appeared to belong to the middle class. Leaning his face close to that of the gentleman whose attention he had aroused, he said, in a low voice—"Well, Master Gerard, have you made up your mind in this matter?"

"Yes," answered the other. "God has given me strength which I think will not forsake me. It shall be done."

The two companions walked rapidly up and down for some minutes, without speaking another word. At length, the one addressed as Gerard observed—

"If it could be done suddenly, and if, at the same time, the Tower could be seized, we might easily proclaim the king; and, I will answer for it, the City of London would presently declare for him, without a soul opposing us. Good Master Vowell, it is the first blow that daunts the people in all such affairs as these. When that is struck, the strong enchantment that binds the vulgar, like sleepers in a magic garden, is broken, and they awake."

"So be it, then," returned the new comer. "I will share with you the consequences of the deed, even as though I did it with mine own arm."

A silence again succeeded; and the companions mechanically sauntered towards one of the shops, and took their station just before it, though without in the least noting its wares. They had not been there above two minutes, when a gentleman, richly habited, and having a swarthy complexion and black hair, arrived at the same spot, and paused, as though he desired to have a nearer view of the goods displayed to the public. Finding, however, that the two gentlemen already there did not abandon their position (they had not, in fact, observed the arrival of the stranger), he cried out in a loud voice, and with the accents of a foreigner, though his choice of words was perfectly correct—

"Out of the way, sirs, and make room! 'Sdeath! Think ye the shops were made for you alone?"

"What manner of man are you," exclaimed young Gerard, suddenly starting round, with a flushed face, "that dare address your commands to us? We would have you know, sir, that we are gentlemen, not accustomed to square our movements to the will of every braggart in the streets."

"I am a better gentleman than either of ye," retorted the foreigner; "and would approve it by my sword, were it worth the trial. Away! You know not who I am."

"I know you for a ruffian and a bully," responded Gerard; "and for a miscreant foreigner, not fit for honest Englishmen to accompany. We of this country, sir, are not wont to worship fine clothes and swaggering language. Give me your name, if you are so great a gentleman."

"I am called Don Pantaleon de Sa, brother of the Portuguese ambassador to this Commonwealth," replied the foreigner; "and you shall smart for the insults you have offered me, if any majesty or terror abide in the name of Portugal."

"Which there does not," sneered Gerard. "What! Are we to be ridden over, on our own soil, by a nation of traitors, assassins, and idolators: a nation that forsakes its friends when they are poor and wretched, to fawn upon an upstart, and that buys the pence it dare not fight for? What puppets will next advance their heads, and bid us cringe and worship?"



"Mother of Heaven!" exclaimed the Portuguese, turning white with rage—"I will spill your heart's blood for this! To your sword, sir—to your sword!"

Gerard's companion, Mr. Vowell, who up to this time had remained silent, now interposed, and endeavoured to allay the fury of the disputants, but to no effect. In another minute, however, a little crowd of men came running up, exclaiming—"In the name of the Commonwealth, forbear!" Dividing themselves into two bodies, they surrounded the would-be combatants, and bore them forcibly off different ways, in the midst of a hubbub of voices, over which the fierce imprecations of the Portuguese nobleman prevailed.

As soon as his blood got cool, young Gerard dismissed the incident from his mind, having more weighty matters to think of; but Don Pantaleon brooded over the insults he had received, and resolved to take a sudden and terrible revenge. With that indifference to the sacredness of human life which is common among his countrymen, he hired a number of desperate braves who had come over in his brother's retinue, and arming them with daggers and pistols, bade them attend him, on the next day, whithersoever he should lead them, and immediately slay, without mercy, any one he might point out. It was a desperate enterprise, and certain of avengement if successful; but the Portuguese Don only reflected on the supineness which the officers of justice, and even the people themselves, in his own land, evinced in the pursuit of assassins. He did not know that he was in a country where the law (for such was the case even in those days) had both the will and the power to vindicate itself.

Accordingly, on the following afternoon, he again repaired to the New Exchange, and paced up and down in the hope of desecrating his victim. He had not been there long when he observed a young man walking at a little distance; and, after a moment's anxious scrutiny, pointed towards him with his finger, exclaiming to his attendants, "That's your man! To your work quickly, and disperse!" In another instant, the doomed man was surrounded and hidden; and when, after a rapid and struggling motion, the ruffians fell back and hurried off, he was seen to tumble heavily down, and the stones all round became suddenly red and bloody.

The whole thing was done with such amazing quickness, that the Don himself was for a time paralyzed, and stood gazing at his work. A loud clamour of voices, however, soon aroused him. Several people, rushing forward, raised the murdered man in their arms; and, looking round, the Don perceived a surging multitude, rolling, like a great wave, to where he stood. It was but too evident that the assassins had been surrounded, and that they were fighting desperately for their lives. Arms uplifted high above intervening heads, and bearing swords, daggers, and thick sticks, were tossed about in swift and angry commotion; and every now and then, some one face in the midst of this great intertanglement of flushed and quickly-moving visages, was suddenly gashed across with a red stripe, and, sinking down as into a chasm, disappeared.

The Portuguese nobleman at once perceived that flight was impossible, and, drawing his rapier, stood upon the defensive. He had scarcely done so when he was engulfed by the advancing human wave, and swept away. Struggling savagely with his enemies, who seemed to whirl and spin around him like the humming waters of the sea, he found himself, in a little while, by the side of his hired braves, who formed the centre of the raging mob, and, holding fast together, back to back, fought resolutely. They had received, as well as given, many terrible gashes; being more compact than their foes, who were in some measure encumbered with their own numbers, they still maintained a kind of vantage-ground.

"Your pistols!" gasped the Don, to his companions

—"use your pistols; and then fight for my brother's house in the Strand. We must not be taken. Fight for your lives—fight for your lives!"

The assassins obeyed their master's direction, and fired all round. Some dozen men, with a loud cry, dropped instantly to the ground; while the others, reeling backwards on every side, scattered momentarily into a number of smaller groups. The Portuguese, quickly resuming their poniards, rushed forward in the direction of the Strand, and reached it before their enemies could again coalesce, which, however, was no sooner done than they ran with all speed in pursuit of the assassins, and overtook them just as they had arrived at the mansion of the Portuguese ambassador.

"Beat loudly at the gates!" shouted Pantaleon, in spasms of terror. "Dash them in, if the servants do not speedily answer! We shall all be taken, unless we shortly get within the walls of the house. We are safe there. The devils dare not violate an ambassador's residence."

While one or two smote the gates, the rest faced their pursuers and recommenced the deadly struggle. The Strand, as they glanced along it, presented an alarming spectacle. It was a vision of angry faces that seemed to rise from every nook and turning, and to fade away into a hazy indistinctness, agitated by a wild, uncertain movement; and from this great mass of human beings, without any man in particular appearing to speak, arose an incessant and ever-increasing murmur, which hung in the air immediately above, like a sickening and oppressive presence.

In a few minutes, the gates of the mansion were opened by a servant with a scared visage, and the assassins, rushing in, contrived to dash them to again before any of the mob could follow. They then locked and barred them with strong fastenings; and the ruffians, looking at each other for the first time, saw the violence of the contest they had gone through, in their own dripping weapons and blood-bedabbled faces. Pantaleon, however, did not stay to make any observations; but, hastening across a wide court-yard, entered the house, and informed his brother, the ambassador, that he had been insulted and attacked, together with his servants, while peaceably walking in the New Exchange, and that they had with difficulty escaped with their lives. The ambassador, being altogether ignorant of the facts of the case, and conceiving that the enmity of the English populace to his countrymen arose out of a feeling of insolent triumph at the late peace between the two nations, was highly incensed, and determined to hold his position against the mob, and, if need be, to drive them back by force.

In the mean while, the crowd out of doors increased every moment, people flocking in from all parts of the town where the news had spread. The utmost degree of rage and excitement agitated this immense assemblage; and projects passed up and down of setting fire to the house, of tearing it to pieces, of seeking out all foreigners in London and killing them. While they were in the height of this fury, the ambassador himself appeared at one of the windows, and shouted at the top of his voice—

"Why is my house thus beset? I have done no harm to any of ye; but I will soon, and grievous harm too, if this course be not abandoned. I am the ambassador of a high and puissant nation, and it shall not be insulted in my person. Back—back!"

None of the mob had fire-arms, or the ambassador would assuredly have been shot dead in their unreflecting rage. As it was, he was only met by loud cries of—"Down with the house! Out with the foreigners! Tear them to pieces! Murder has been committed, and we will be revenged! Are Englishmen to be fanged to death by foreign dogs?"

The ambassador disappeared from the window, and shortly returned with several men, armed with muskets

and pistols. This increased the rage of the mob to an ungovernable pitch; and a positive siege and defence would probably have followed, had not, at this moment, a body of soldiers, with an officer at their head, arrived at the scene of action. It was wonderful to observe how the heated and furious mob drew back, and allowed that cold calm rivulet of glittering steel to wind amongst them, till it paused before the gates of the ambassador's mansion; and how a sudden and intense hush succeeded to the previous clamour. Cromwell—at that time staying at Whitehall—having heard of the disturbance, had sent some of his troops to inquire into the matter, and to seize the persons engaged, more particularly the ambassador's brother, as the chief author of the riot. The soldiers knocked loudly at the gates, and the officer in command, elevating his voice, called out—"In the name of his Highness, the Lord Protector, and of the Commonwealth of England, open your doors!" The ambassador, however, replied that, by the law of nations, his house was sacred from such assaults, and that he would defend it against all violence.

"We are not here to argue with your Excellency," rejoined the officer. "I have positive instructions to break open this house by force, if the way is not made clear. A heinous murder has been committed, and divers of the faithful subjects of the Commonwealth have been injured and maltreated in the defence of their lives. Open your doors and let us in. We have a larger force at hand, if need be for it; and we will do the Lord Protector's will, at all hazards."

Finding that the officer was resolute, and that his own adherents were powerless against such an enemy, the ambassador, after a little more impotent vapouring, craved permission to send to the Protector, complaining of the insult which had been offered him and his nation, and desiring an audience: a request which the officer did not consider himself justified in refusing. Accordingly, a Portuguese messenger was despatched to Whitehall, closely guarded by some soldiers, without which protection he would probably have been severely treated by the crowd; and in due time returned, bearing the disheartening reply, that all persons concerned were to be immediately delivered into the custody of the officer, for that, if the soldiers were withdrawn, the people would inevitably take the execution of justice into their own hands, in a way for which the Protector would not be answerable. Cromwell, however, concluded by assuring the ambassador, that, if the guilty parties were at once given up, he should have an audience, as well as every reasonable satisfaction.

When the messenger returned into the house, Don Pantaleon sent for him, and asked if he had heard any particulars of the condition in life, or family of the murdered man. The servant answered that he heard he was of good connections, and that he had arrived in London from the country but a few hours before his death. He was about to add further particulars, when the Don interrupted him by a loud cry of mingled rage and fear.

"Are you sure of this?" he asked, with a haggard expression of face.

"Quite, senor," replied the man. "I heard it from the lips of his own relations, who are now at Whitehall petitioning the Protector."

"Then I have lost my revenge," exclaimed the Don, sinking into a chair, and turning white; "and have endangered my life for nothing. The devil himself must have made the two so like, on purpose to betray me! And now these hounds of soldiers are upon me, and I may never have the opportunity of seeking out my foe, and wiping away, with his best blood, the stain I have received. The world seems armed against me."

While this was going forward, the parley was resumed between the ambassador and the soldiers. The former, again stationed at the window, called out as a last des-

perate resource,—“Good people, and worthy soldiers, I knew not of this accident (for such I am sure it must have been) when my house was first surrounded, and right heartily I regret it; but suffer my brother and all persons concerned to remain quietly in my house, and I will be responsible for their safety, and solemnly swear to you to produce them when the time for their trial shall be assigned.”

“No, no, master ambassador,” shouted the mob. “We will pluck down the house, if you do not right speedily give up the murderers to us or to the soldiers. We will not disperse till we have seen them all safely lodged in Newgate. Justice, justice! Give them up, or we will batter in the gates!”

The officer in command of the troops here addressed himself to the ambassador, and implored him, for his own sake, not to resist any longer, for that the tide of popular resentment could not possibly be stemmed, and that, in the event of the mob storming the house, a far worse fate awaited the accused parties than any they could suffer at the hands of the law. The low, angry murmur had again arisen among the people, and things began to wear a very threatening aspect. The military had the greatest trouble to keep the mob from dashing in the gates with heavy stones and bludgeons; and the ambassador, perceiving that the time for safely parleying was at an end, suddenly withdrew from the window.

It was not long before the gates were cautiously opened, and the soldiers entered the court-yard. An anxious silence again pervaded the crowd; and when the gates were once more unclosed, they were thrown back to their fullest extent, and the soldiers issued forth in a round phalanx, with their pikes pointed at the mob. A great yell of satisfaction burst forth on the instant, which was caught up from distance to distance, seeming to run along that vast mass of men like a track of fire, until it spread itself out into a monotonous and heavy whisper, broken in upon and shattered by a fresh roar. Then, as the crowd fell back to admit the passage of the soldiers, the whole dense assembly, as far as the eye could stretch, was seen to heave and rock like billows of the sea. Speedily closing round again, however, they followed the course of the soldiers along the Strand and Fleet-street, and showed so great a disposition to tear the foreigners from the protection of the military, that the latter were obliged to keep their pikes firmly pointed until they arrived outside the walls of Newgate. It was a dreadful passage for the captives, hemmed in by that human wall, and only protected from sudden and terrible death by a few stout arms and resolute hearts. The very windows of the houses, as they passed along, glared upon them with revengeful faces.

The soldiers were nearly exhausted by the time they arrived under the prison-walls; but the object of the mob being now attained, they gave one shout more, and then quietly moved off in separate groups.

The trial came on apace; and the facts being fully proved against them, to the satisfaction of a jury composed of half English and half foreigners, Don Pantaleon and his accomplices were condemned to die: the former by decapitation—the latter on the gallows. The Portuguese ambassador, as was natural, endeavoured to the utmost to save the life of his brother; but the might of England was at that time wielded by a man, who, in such matters, was no respecter of rank, and who, to the frequent solicitations and prayers of the condemned nobleman's friends, returned this fate-like answer—"JUSTICE MUST BE DONE!" Whatever may be thought of some of Cromwell's principles, it must be acknowledged that, not only in foreign affairs, but in domestic, he directed the energies of this country with a firmness, often tempered with leniency, which until that time was scarcely known.

While these matters were agitating the public mind, a fresh cause for excitement arose in the discovery of

a plot for the assassination of the Protector, and the restoration of royalty in the person of Charles Stuart; so that when it became known that on July 10th—the day fixed for the execution of Don Pantaleon and his accomplices—the chief mover in the contemplated revolution would also suffer, the expectations of that large body of people who rejoice in grim spectacles, were at their highest strain. The Don's accomplices were to be strangled at Tyburn; the Don himself was to be beheaded on Tower-hill; and to Tower-hill, as to the more attractive spot, the greater number of people hastened.

As the day approached, the Portuguese nobleman exhibited a pitiable want of courage and firmness; and as, on the appointed morning, he was led up to the spot between a strong guard of soldiers (though they were needed more to keep him from the vengeance of the populace than from their sympathy) his agonies were terrible in the extreme. He called out wildly to his country—as though she had been standing by like a visible presence—to save him. He wept, implored, and cursed, almost in the same breath; and when he beheld the myriad of human eyes fixed like one eye upon him as he approached, and heard the murmur of their satisfaction, he would have fallen, had he not been upheld.

They led him on to the scaffold. For a moment, the upturned heads—the ghastly pageantry of Death—the massy walls and turrets of the old fortress, looking calm and unimpassioned through the golden and azure air of a summer's morning—and the grotesque, distorted houses standing round the open space that crowns the hill,—swam off into a mist that made all things one. But through this indistinctness came a vision that startled him again into sudden vitality. Another execution had taken place upon that scaffold only a little while before his arrival; the planks were red and slippery; and, in a basket of straw, lay a head with the face uppermost. It was knotted by pain into something that is never seen in living flesh; but, nevertheless, the new sufferer recognised it. With an exclamation like a shriek, he stumbled forward, and fell. The face was that of the enemy whom, for a time, he supposed he had murdered, looking at him out of death.

"Now bear me to the block, and strike speedily," he gasped, as the officers raised him up. "The world is over, and I float outwards into space."

In five minutes more, the heads of the enemies lay together in death.

#### WILKES AND HIS FATHER.

"I had a father, a perfectly good-humoured man, who loved laughing. He said to me one day, 'Jack, have you got a purse.' My answer was, 'No, sir.' 'I am sorry for it, Jack,' said my father: 'if you had, I should have given you some money to put in it.' I got a purse; and in two or three days my father asked me again, 'Jack, have you got a purse?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I am glad of it,' said my father; 'if you had not had a purse, I would have given you one.' This was mere fun in my father; for he was exceedingly generous, and gave me all I could wish."—*Wilkes's Letters to his Daughter.*

#### GOLDSMITH AND STERNE.

Within these few days the "Vicar of Wakefield" fell accidentally into my hands; I could not help reading the charming book again from beginning to end, not a little affected by the lively recollection how much I had been indebted to the author seventy years ago. It is not to be described the effect which Goldsmith and Sterne had upon me, just at the critical moment of mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony—that fair and indulgent view of all errors—that meekness under all calamities—that equanimity under all changes and chances—and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, formed my best education; and, in the end, these are the thoughts and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of life.—*Goethe.*

## LOVERS' AMAZEMENTS; OR, HOW WILL IT END?

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

By LEIGH HUNT.

SCENE II.—*A Drawing-room. The Countess Montalais discovered in a travelling dress, sitting, and reading a letter.*

*Countess (reading).*—"Do not say anything about me to your friend the Chevalier, till I speak further. Don't mention my name to him, for good and innocent reasons which I will tell you when we meet. Though in full action as a Sister of Charity, I am at present only a novice, and shall probably not be among the good ladies much longer, for reasons which I will also tell you. Suffice to say, till then, that while I do remain with them, I wish to be very private, unknown to all but my dear, ever-generous school-fellow, whose greater purse shall do as it desires, and help my small one to comfort the poor and sick. Since we last met, I have had troubles that she would little suspect; and these have made me sympathetic." Not they. The sympathy was ready-made, Sweetest Louise! only you knew it not, You had a heart so merry.

*(She proceeds with the letter.)*—"I regret to say——" What is this?

"I regret to say, that what you feared respecting the rumour is true. The good Sisters have heard it. But this, dearest Gabrielle, should only hasten you all the quicker to make it of no importance to the Chevalier, by disclosing the poor little amount of truth which is in it."

*(Countess rises, and paces the room).*

Would I had done so! But he look'd so sad, He look'd so scornful (so at least it seem'd) Of all that might belie discernment in me, Yet with a hope so bent to become rapture, Could but my scorn trample the truth itself, That I did trample it; and ever since, Mine eyes, when they meet his, look anxiously To see if they behold love or disdain. So then, it seems, there has been talk of me! Some feasters in the camp have talked of me Over their cruel wine; one, most of all, That should have most been dumb; or, if he spoke, Have spoken noblest.—And De Torcy thus Has had the cause to doubt me, which I feared. Cause? No cause. Though, alas! women and men Have different measures dealt them by the world, E'en of the right to a misplaced good-will. Oh, why did a weak fear of that false judgment Make my lips guilty in disowning all?

*(A bell rings.)*

He comes!—I hear his voice at the hall-door, Happy and loud. No danger, then, comes yet; And I, too, will be happy, and be loud, And meet his triumph worthily. Oh, all Will still go well. Love comes to lead me forth, And Charity shall bless me as I go. And what care I for this base fop, De L'Orme? No more than for the dust beneath my feet, On which I walk to meet felicity.

*[Enter De Torcy, to whom the Countess holds out her hands.]*

*De Tor. (taking and clasping them.)* You look as high and happy, as the pride You give this heart. So cunning without craft, So exquisite in bounteous artifice, Is all you do.

*Countess.* In artifice?

*De Tor.* In kindness:

In making what you give seem giv'n to you; The only privileg'd artifice.



*Countess.*

Not except

A word of comfort to the sorrowful?

*De Tor.* Oh, ever that.—I'll tell you presently  
What has delay'd me somewhat. Nothing serious.  
The passport is renew'd; a fresh good horse,  
Found for me here, instead of the poor beast  
Slain in these thievish wars; and two as dull,  
Nice, acquiescent, glorified old gentlewomen,  
Prepar'd to fill the places in the coach  
Till you reach home, as ever took the hand  
Of an old Duke at cards. Oh, I'm all insolence,  
Laughing at great and small; and yet, not so,  
But loving all things for the sake of you;  
For let me once again, ere I speak more,  
Thank you, and thank again, and again yet,  
For that most blessed answer which you gave me  
About this fop De L'Orme;—no, no; not answer;  
You know I never question'd you. How could I,  
On such a score as that? But when I think  
With what a heavenly fire upon your cheek  
You wither'd it, with what sweet leaping breath  
And generous eyes, and how you deigned to tell me,  
Not only that you scarcely knew the man,  
But never listened to love talk but mine,—  
Oh, this makes me so proud, so blest, so grateful,  
Such a partaker of your own born triumphs  
O'er all the ills and chances of the earth,  
That I seem raised into some bright-eyed air,  
Where none can live but such as love exalts,  
And heap'd with gifts as I would have heap'd you,  
Had I been lord of all things, and you nothing.

*Countess.* Men like not women to have lov'd before,  
Nor even to have been supposed to love;  
Altho' themselves may have lov'd many times.

*De Tor.* Not I. How could I, having had a dream  
Of such as you, and searching till I found you?  
True 'tis, that custom giving fancy license  
On the men's side, I sometimes let it loose;  
But those I thought of were but prophecies  
Of you, or portions rather; here an eye,  
And there a lip, and there a pleasant manner;  
So that with one, I could grow critical;  
With this, dissatisfied; with that, e'en angry;  
A thing unknown to true love's humbleness,  
And marking but a passion in the blood,  
Where anger keeps rude house with appetite:  
But loving you, I knew I lov'd indeed,  
Because, had you rejected me, I felt  
I should have mourned, but bow'd as to the heavens.

*Countess.* I have been anxious; and, I think, am  
scarcely

Strong enough yet, e'en to say thanks. The air  
And journey will revive me.

*De Tor.* Let us move.  
These terrors on the road—yet look now, sweet;  
You must be strong enough, not for more terror,—  
No, but a jest—a pastime; strictly such,  
And food for pleasant memory.

*Countess.* What is it?

*De Tor.* It will but give me business during yours,  
And for a day or so, and in blithe company;  
But I'm a prisoner.

*Countess.* Prisoner!

*De Tor.* To your eyes  
At one end of the chain; and at the other,  
To a most merry Captain, one La Rousse;  
Who stretching his rash nets here with his fowlers  
To the very skirts of the wood and the town-gates,  
Caught me, a careless singing bird of love,  
Whose claws avail'd not numbers.

*Countess.* And the ransom?  
You must be press'd—I'll write for it this instant.

*De Tor.* (arresting her.) Nay—

*Countess.*

Nay! what nay? haven't I right?

*De Tor.*

Sweet soul!

But there's a certain set of cold third persons,

Lawyers to-wit, and drawers up of contracts,  
Who, for the sake of the poor proud bless'd man,  
Must know him, ere she part with anything.  
Besides, the ransom must be paid at once,  
And I've a friend who has it. There's not time  
To send to my own poor dismantled home,  
And if there were—Well, faith, I'm almost sorry  
I may not bankrupt you; nay, by those eyes,  
I fancy I could wish myself still poorer,  
That I might pull down on my blessed head  
The heaven of all your virtues.

*Countess.*

And I too.

A woman may confess she has dreamt that,—  
Just that; and how you would have welcom'd me  
Barefooted at your door, and wrapp'd me round  
With worship for my want. Life were too blest,  
Did not some little jar, like this, break in,  
To shew our music earthly.

*De Tor.*

No jar yet,

Being not only pastime in your absence,  
But for yourself good-luck, and roads made short;  
For this my new friend-enemy, La Rousse,  
Who, being Captain, guess'd what made me desperate,  
And, being gentleman, had it own'd to him,  
Has set the outposts open for your sake;  
Tho', like the bold man that he is, he dar'd,  
And I dar'd too, being bolder, and you generous,  
To hope, in passing, that the unknown face  
Might, from its veil, shew him one beam to grace him.

*Countess.* What is his name, you say? "La Rousse?"

*De Tor.*

La Rousse.

*Countess.* And he will be alone?

*De Tor.*

Of course he will.

*Countess.* Come; and perhaps your Captain may dis-  
cern

Reasons for—

*De Tor.* Faiths, which he has yet to learn.

(*Exeunt.*)

(To be continued in our next.)

#### SCHILLER'S JOHANNA D'ARC.

By PARSON FRANK.

"Jeanne d'Arc must have been a creature of shadowy yet  
far-glancing dreams, of unutterable feelings, of 'thoughts  
that wandered through Eternity'.... Heartless, sneering,  
god-forgetting French!" as old Suwarrow called them—they  
are not worthy of this noble maiden."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

MR. LANDOR observes, in one of those noble *Imagi-  
nary Conversations* which are likely to be coeval with  
English literature—an expression synonymous (ac-  
cording to our system of hermeneutics) with the phrase  
"while the world wags"—that had Jeanne d'Arc been  
born in England and fought for England, the people  
at this hour, although no longer slaves to idolatry,  
would almost worship her—and that every year would  
her festival be kept in every village of our land. "But  
in France not a hymn is chanted to her, not a curl of  
incense is wafted, not a taper is lighted, not a daisy,  
not a rush, is strewn upon the ground throughout the

\* That, namely, between Rousseau and Mallesherbes.

+ This tolerably safe prophecy is not exactly meant to  
involve the whole series—from *Richard I.* and the *Abbot of  
Boxley* down (or, chronologically, up) to *Scipio* and *Polybius*.  
It must, of course, be eclectically interpreted. Time alone  
will reduce it to its lowest terms. Lord Jeffrey indulged in  
the foresight of a period (A. D. 1919) was the year specified in  
his provisions—see *Edinburgh Review*, March 1819), when  
posterity should cherish the half of Campbell, and the fourth  
of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithe of  
Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey. How large a  
relie of the Landorian *Opera Omnia* shall then have its  
worshippers, Jeffrey saith not, and deponent knoweth not.  
Probably, however, a much larger *residuum* than would be  
guaranteed by the vulgar fractions of ordinary computation.  
Mr. Landor can afford to wait.

whole kingdom she rescued." Voltaire and his countrymen have treated *La Pucelle* as though Shakspeare's portrait of her were a *fac-simile*. Had she but been of the same Saxon lineage as Mrs. Hathaway—had she but fought beside, instead of against, Talbot and Bedford—how differently would our great poet have portrayed her! But the fiction of English genius has not availed to blind us to the facts of French history; and we Britons, against whom the *Jung-frau* contended so vehemently and so victoriously, have at least enough of the spirit of hero-worship to applaud her memory, and to admire her canonization by Schiller rather than her caricature by Shakspeare. So true is the assertion of a distinguished critic, that "*La Pucelle d'Orleans*, the victorious enemy of England, has been destined to receive her deepest commemoration from the magnanimous justice of Englishmen."\* In evidence of which magnanimity, suffice it to cite the names of two of our own poets (in the language of a third), to-wit—

.... "LANDOR, whom two Latin poets sent bay to  
(Catullus and Ovid); and SOUTHEY with looks

Like a man just awak'd from the depth of his books."†

Schiller does not leave us "Britishers" alone in this our glory;‡ Perhaps, the worthiest monument that France has reared in honour of Joan, is that graceful and well-known *statuette* of which an Orleans princess was the *artiste*.§ Germany has wedded Jeanne's immortal deeds to immortal verse—unless, indeed, this mortal Schiller has *not* put on immortality, and is *not* able to weave into his chaplets the flowers that never fade. Let us leave critics, or (better still) "Time, the Avenger," to settle that.

The hallowed devotion and purity with which Schiller has invested his heroine, impress the reader with a combined sense of awe and attraction. It is, says Wolfgang Menzel, "the deep mystery of Christianity and Christian poetry, that the salvation of the world proceeds from a pure virgin; the *highest power from the purest innocence*;"—in this sense has Schiller composed his '*Maid of Orleans*,' and she is the most perfect impersonation of that warlike angel who bears the helm and waves, the banners of heaven."§ Nor does history contradict the spirit of his poetry. For example, the recently published *Memoires concernant la Pucelle*, &c.,|| corroborate and establish it. The English Commissioner sent to make inquiries at Domremy testified, saying, "I found nothing in her life which I should not wish to find in the life of my own sister." In her purity, according to Schiller, lies her prowess—her virgin cestus is the lock of her strength. Thus, in describing her vision of the "Queen of Heaven," he makes the latter solve the difficulties of the *Jung frau* as follows:—

"A maiden pure and chaste,  
Achieves what'er on earth is glorious,  
If she to earthly love ne'er yields her heart.  
Look upon me! a virgin like thyself;  
I to the Christ, the Lord divine, gave birth,  
And am myself divine!" ¶

From thenceforth Johanna believes the seal of God to be upon her, and her one consuming purpose is to fulfil His behests. She becomes strange to her kinsfolk and acquaintance, hiding herself from them, seeing a form they cannot see, and hearing a voice they cannot

\* Thomas de Quincey.

† So they appeared at the *Feast of the Poets*.

‡ Augustus W. Schlegel, it may be observed, holds that Shakspeare's picture of the "*Champion-maid*," though partial from national prejudice, still possesses much more historical truth and profundity than that of Schiller.—See his *Dramatik Kunst*, xxx.

§ Menzel's *German Literature*, vol. iv. (Gordon's translation.)

|| By M. Poujoulat.—See a notice in *Athenaeum*, 1849, p. 1202.

¶ Act. i. Scene 10.—This, and other fragments quoted *passim*, are from the version of Miss Swanwick.

hear. Her father remonstrates, as did Israel of old with his son Joseph: like Israel too he has dreams full of starry symbolism:—

"For three successive nights I have beheld  
Johanna sitting on the throne at Rheims,  
A sparkling diadem of seven stars  
Upon her brow, the sceptre in her hand,  
From which three lilies sprung; and I, her sire,  
With her two sisters, and the noble peers,  
The earls, archbishops, and the king himself,  
Bow'd down before her." \*

Her two sisters, Margot and Louison, are beloved, and love in return;—but she, the youngest, causes grief and pain to old Thibaut; for the anxious father would fain see his children wedded and provided for, in days so dismal with the outrages of war, when a "husband's faithful breast affords the only shelter from the storm." Young Raimond, "a noble youth, the flower and pride" of the hamlet, has fixed on Joan his fond affections, and "for three long years has woo'd her with respectful tenderness," only to be repelled with cold reserve. While Raimond cannot but reverence her for that air of lofty and unconscious superiority which elevates her mien, and that pent-up enthusiasm and meditative earnestness which make her

"Delight to range among the hills,  
And fear descending from the wild free heath,  
To tarry 'neath the lowly roofs of men,  
Where dwell the narrow cares of humble life."

it is that precisely which displeases her father. It is to him intolerable that the maiden should thus shun her sisters' gay companionship, seek out the desert mountains, leave her couch before the crowing of the morning cock, and creep forth to hold secret converse with the hill-side wind, and sit for hours together in dreamy musing beneath the Druid tree—from which the villagers shrink with awe, and of which they relate strange tales of terror. What though old Thibaut is prosperous by means of Joan his shepherd-girl, and that a blessing flows unceasingly from all she does? He fearfully suspects that this seeming blessing may come from her commerce with evil—from some infernal compact with the familiar spirit of the accursed Druid tree. Meantime, the hour comes for her to leave the rustic circle where she is already misapprehended, for a vast tumultuous sphere whither misapprehension shall doggedly pursue her. The throne of her king is tottering—the English are marching through her fatherland, conquering and to conquer—"the blooming fields of France are trampled down beneath their charger's hoofs"—Paris has yielded to their onward course—the ancient crown of Dagobert is on the brow of the foreigner—and the queen-mother malignantly abets the exulting invader. The devastating fire rolls towards the vales of Domremy. Surely the time, the set time, is come! A helmet is mysteriously conveyed to Joan—and Raimond, remembering how she once snatched a lamb from the reddened fangs of a wolf that had filled all the neighbouring shepherds with dismay, confesses that the warlike ornament becomes her well—it seems to inspire her with martial thoughts, for her cheek glows, and her eye flashes with preternatural lustre. She bids farewell to the mountains, and sequestered glades, and lone valleys of her childhood,—to all the serene joys of a rural home; assured, in her heart of hearts, that hers they can never be again, even as Charlotte Corday felt, when she left Normandy for poor, bleeding, wailing Paris, in the twilight of that memorable July morning.

Then comes the din of war. The despair of Charles is suddenly, by her advent, turned into triumph; and, for the "spirit of heaviness," he receives the "garment of praise." Like an eagle on a dove-cot bursts Johanna on the foe. They are appalled—bewildered—routed—

• Prologue, Scene 2.

slaughtered. *She*, too, can take up her parable, and say,—*Veni, vidi, vici*. Battle follows battle, with the same strange issue. Hand to hand she encounters and overcomes the flower of English chivalry. The Duke of Burgundy she recalls to his allegiance, by the power of moral suasion. Earl Dunois loves her, but she has forsworn all earthly passion; her answer to such suits is this—

"For I did not forsake my shepherd-walks  
To chase vain earthly splendour, nor array  
My tender frame in panoply of war  
To twine the bridal garland in my hair.  
Far other labour is assigned to me,  
Which a pure maiden can alone achieve.  
I am the soldier of the Lord of Hosts.  
.... Wo, wo is me, if e'er my hand should wield  
The avenging sword of God, and my vain heart  
Cherish affection to a mortal man!  
"T were better for me I had ne'er been born."

Alas, maiden! experience shall sternly echo that conviction of thine. Raimond loves thee—but thou art unmoved: Dunois worships thee—but thou goest calmly on thy way like "the chaste cold moon." Yet, in the field of conflict, and in the face of a foeman, thou seest that which inspires thee with an all-conquering and all-consuming love. Thou hast saved others; thyself thou canst not save. The eye and voice of Lionel, an Englishman, have subdued the hero in thee, and awakened the woman.

And now Johanna feels that the spell is broken. She is no longer all for heaven. The foot of man has fallen on the altar steps consecrated to the Eternal. She abhors herself, and in the deepest night would hide what she accounts her infamy and profanation. Hence, at that festal time, when a French triumph moves in stately procession through the streets of Rheims—when the king, o'er-canopied with costly state, marches with all the grandes of the realm, to celebrate within church-walls the victory that yet flushes every brow,—and when, amid the eager strangers who crowd the thoroughfares, are seen the father and sisters of the damsel, *she* is trembling, "like a guilty thing surprised," beneath the banner committed to her trust, and old Thibaut's misgivings are renewed and redoubled:—

*Thib.* Hast thou beheld my child? my wretched child?  
Didst thou observe her?

*Raimond.* I entreat you, fly!

*Thib.* Didst mark her tottering and uncertain steps,  
Her countenance so pallid and disturb'd  
She feels her dreadful state; the hour is come  
To save my child, and I will not neglect it.

Within the church Johanna's agitation is distressingly increased. To her fevered imagination, there is angry thunder in the organ's pealing tones—the arched roof threatens to overwhelm her—she must escape and seek heaven's wide expanse. Her sisters, proud of their relationship to this "observed of all observers," join her when she has freed herself from the pressure of the tumultuous crowd, and the three (thus met again when the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won) talk together in hurried whispers of olden, perhaps happier times. *Perhaps* happier? Alas! whatever of "happiness" Johanna feels at this moment, is but the reflection, is but the echo of the past; for the voices of her sisters, those "fond familiar tones," bring to her mind's eye the dear glades and hills of Domrémy:—

"Then I was happy as in Paradise—  
I ne'er can be so more—no, never more!"

She nestles that aching head of hers, weary with helm and plume, sorrow-weary, world-weary, in the bosom of an elder sister; and then she fain would believe that the helmet, and the sorrow, and the worldliness which have wearied her, are but the baseless fabric of a dream—and she thinks of the Druid

tree, beneath which she used to slumber once, and why not now? The thought is a blessed thought to one so "tossed with tempests and not comforted." It flashes a cheering though transient light upon all around her and within her; and she feels as the Princess Francesca felt when, for a little space,

"Too lightly borne away—  
Too much relieved—too much inclined to draw  
A careless joy from everything she saw,  
And looking round her with a new-born eye,  
As if some tree of knowledge had been nigh,  
To taste of nature primitive and free,  
And bask at once in her heart's liberty."

Such a "tree of knowledge" would Johanna find in the Druid tree of Domrémy. "And I am now awake, (she struggles to persuade herself) and round me stand the kind familiar forms! I only dream'd of all these battles, kings, and deeds of war. They were but shadows which before me passed; for dreams are always vivid 'neath that tree . . . No, I have never quitted Domrémy! Confess it to me, and rejoice my heart." And when the consoling illusion wanes away, and she sees that the terrible past is a terrible reality, oh, she will at least find refuge and atonement in bitter penitence, and, throwing off the hated ornaments, will be a shepherdess again.

But not yet have all the waves and billows of affliction passed over her. Deep calath unto deep—sorrow challenges sorrow. Her father publicly denounces her as the instrument of hellish powers, and dares her to refute the black, damning charge. And she does not. Her friends implore her to speak; but she is silent; and her silence petrifies them with the implied horrors of assent. A clap of thunder seems to seal her guilt. Days afterwards she thus explains her fatal reserve:—

*Johan.* "I silently submitted to the doom

Which God, my Lord and Ruler, o'er me hung.

*Raim.* Thou couldst not to thy father ought reply?

*Johan.* Coming from him, methought it came from God;

And fatherly the chastisement will prove.

*Raim.* The heavens themselves bore witness to thy guilt!

*Johan.* The heavens spoke, and therefore I was silent."

We cannot follow her through the closing scenes of her strange eventful history—including that stormy night in the wood, when she cowers in the charcoal-burner's hut, and speaks of high and noble things with the devoted Raimond, and her capture by the English, her wrongs at the hands of Isabel, her escape, her reunion with the French soldiery, whom she rallies to one more conquest, and for whom in that last conquest she dies.

The warmest admirers of Schiller need not scruple to admit that this drama has its weak points. Schlegel was not merely captious when he complained, for instance, that the scene with Montgomery is an epic intermixture at variance with the general tone—that the singular and inconceivable appearance of the Black Knight is ambiguous—and that the gaudy rose-coloured death which Schiller has invented for his heroine, is less affecting than her real ignominious martyrdom. On the other hand, there are so many beauties, and such a sustained enthusiasm in this play, that judges of high repute have been ready to exalt it above the rest of Schiller's brilliant *Schanepielen*. Mr. Carlyle says, that perhaps it evinces the most genius of all his dramas, for while *Wallenstein* embodies more thought, knowledge, and conception, it is only in parts illuminated by that ethereal brightness which shines over every part of *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*.†

A certain earnest melancholy is characteristic of minds moulded after Johanna's type—and this the poet has depicted with pathetic fidelity. She is from the first imbued with the assurance, divinely accredited,

\* *The Story of Rimini*, Canto iii.

† *Carlyle's Life of Schiller*.



that severe endurance is her lot,—that she must go forth weeping if she would return rejoicing, with sheaves of harvest peace. She tells Montgomery, while her sword is raised to slay him, that Heaven has summoned her to deeds so alien from her shepherd joys and home affections—and that like a destroying angel must she roam, spreading dire havoc round her, not because urged by some idle dream of earthly glory, but because Deity has laid upon her the awful and inalienable trust. And, therefore, well may she be sad. To borrow the words of an impassioned writer:—"To suffer and to do, that was her portion in this life; to do—never for herself, always for others; to suffer—never in the persons of generous champions, always in her own:—that was her destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from herself. Life, she said, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; . . . this might not be apparent through the mists of the future. But the voice that called her to death, that she heard for ever.\* The "radiance of her heart," as Mr. Carlyle says,† "is but made more touching and apparent by the delusions of her understanding."

It is finished now. That world-weary heart is at peace—hushed into a calm that passeth all interruption, and, therefore, all understanding. The Champion-maid is where

"Danger, toil, and grief no more  
Touch her life's unearthly shore;  
Gentle sounds that will not cease,  
Breathe but peace, and ever peace;  
While above the immortal trees  
Michael and his host she sees  
Clad in diamond panoplies;  
And more near, in tenderer light,  
Honoured Catherine, Margaret bright,  
Agnes, whom her loosen'd hair  
Robes like woven amber air—  
Sisters of her childhood come  
To her last eternal home."‡

### Talk of the Week.

*Ocean Penny-Postage.—Reduction of the American Postage.—Flax and Cotton.—The Crystal Palace.—Sir John Franklin.—Dr. Leichhardt.*

WERE one who had calculated the exact extent of the tidal increase of a mighty river, to take another who was in utter ignorance as to its effect, having spent his days by some sluggish inland stream, and, standing high up the banks at lowest ebb, were to proclaim that in half a day the waters would be breaking at their very feet, he would be greeted with incredulous scorn by his inexperienced, unreflecting companion. This has been the fate of all far-seeing reformers since the world began. Estimating, with logical precision, the necessities and tendencies of their age, they have been enabled to see the inevitable future; and when they have announced that future to their less gifted brothers, mockery and ridicule has ever been their present pittance. But, to do justice to the many, this result has not unfrequently been brought about by the unwisdom of the reformers themselves. They have been impatient of as inevitable delays. They have wanted everything to be changed and re-modelled upon the instant. They have made no allowance for the preparation necessary for the components to receive the whole

with advantage. They have held the garments of men before the eyes of boys, and insisted on their instant adoption. Now, swiftness is generally allied with perishableness; "the quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage." Before a nation can adopt a great design, it must be convinced of its utility; and neither a nation, nor an individual, whose convictions are worth anything, is convinced in a day. Hence, is it desirable that all men should have patience.

"It well-beseemeth kings, and all mortals it beseemeth well,

To possess their souls in patience, and await what can betide."

Everything cannot be remodelled by Monday morning; yet everything that is false and wrong *must* be remodelled, or the penalties be paid. How then? Calmly, steadily, perseveringly, must all men seek the establishment of the right, but they must not be discouraged by retarded success. Neither is it good to laugh at any far-seeing man, however impatient of delays: it is better to receive with equanimity the thing he has to tell us, and honestly consider it, and let our judgment then dictate. Sound judgment will never dictate ridicule.

These reflections have been suggested by thinking over a scheme far in advance of the present, and known to the public as "Ocean Penny-Postage." It has been ridiculed, and denounced as visionary; and it has also been advocated, at times, without due consideration of the preliminaries indispensable to the result. There has been no hope for its success as yet. But now, we imagine, we can discern the skies breaking somewhat, and a little blue shines on us from across the Atlantic. The postage in the United States is about to be reduced to three cents (a little under three halfpence). A sum sufficiently near our own to establish an international postage upon. The chief difficulty in the way of a reduction of foreign postages has been the much higher rate charged in all other countries; so that, had we made no charge whatever for the transmission of letters, the rate would still have been sufficiently heavy to put a check on correspondence. Water will only commingle harmoniously on a level; and international arrangements on money matters obey the same law. When, however, the American postage is reduced so nearly to our own charge, what obstacle can there be in the way of forming a postal alliance? We engaging to deliver free in this country all American letters that shall have paid a double rate: the Americans delivering all our letters, in the States, that bear two stamps upon them. The cost of transmission we are convinced could be defrayed by that charge. For the increase of correspondence would assuredly be enormous. Consider that this is an age of emigration; that hundreds of thousands of English and Irish are at this moment plodding their way in America, with friends and relatives here anxiously waiting the result. Many a family has emigrated rashly on the strength of one enthusiastic letter, because the postal rate placed a barrier in the way of a sadder, truer epistle following it. And apart from that, is not correspondence with beloved friends one of the chief delights of life? A delight upon which no check that can be avoided should exist. Friendliness, brotherly love, the warm grasp of a loving hand, the fond glance of a loving eye—these are the securest, the quietest, the holiest civilizers of a people. No man can forget a friend, and not be a materially worse man in consequence. He suffers an individual loss, and the community loses in proportion. Tolerance is the result of friendship. If our friends differ from us, can we abuse or seek to persecute others who share their sentiments? But friendship will die unless it receive its natural sustenance, which is kindly intercourse, and, in default of that, frequent correspondence. Upon this a high postage places a grievous

\* Thomas de Quincey. + Life of Schiller.

‡ John Sterling.

tax; a tax which, in the case of the bulk of the community, it is altogether impossible to pay. These arguments were urged and admitted when our own internal postage was reduced to its present small amount; and to our mind the same arguments can now be applied to extending the benefit of that arrangement to our colonies and to the United States. Our English race has spread itself over well nigh all the habitable globe: and not in small bands of adventurers, but in thousands of sober settlers. Our friends are in Australia, New Zealand, Hindostan, Borneo, the Americas, in Egypt, in Greece: and surely it is not desirable that these offshoots be disconnected with the parent stock at home. Every family has friends or members in some foreign country, to whom their hearts beat as truly across the waters as when they dwelt together in the same house, or town, or county. The same reasons exist, therefore, for an Ocean Penny Postage as for an internal one; and these detachments of the British race are sufficiently numerous, or fast becoming so, to make the increased number more than cover the diminished rate, which is the great financial objection to such a scheme. At any rate, it appears to us that an advantageous moment has arrived for trying an international postage system with America; the experiment could then be tested in a highly favourable manner, and the system then extended to all the Englands of the world, in southern hemispheres and in north.

There appears to be some hope of permanently relieving our cotton manufactures from the incessant annoyance and incessant distress they suffer, owing to the exiguous and precarious supply of cotton. And, at the same time, of giving a stimulus to agriculture in England. Scientific attention is being drawn to the nature of flax; and the result appears to be that it can be made to unite with cotton, so as to be worked easily together, and at a cost offering an inducement to manufacturers. We look upon the successful application of this design as one of the most important topics calling upon the attention of the public. Periodical distress comes with ruthless regularity to the northern work-people, owing to many causes, too vexed for us to attempt to unravel, but the chief of which, and mingled more or less with all, is the shortcoming of the raw cotton, and its consequent increase in price. The factories work short time, or close; the labourers get half-wages, or none at all; and the most densely populated county in the kingdom is subjected to biennial, if not to annual distress. But imagine, instead of a short crop, a total blight. The factories of Lancashire closed for a twelvemonth! Surely this is a very frightful casualty, even to contemplate remotely. But if flax can be used with cotton, and we think it will be found that it can, the cotton speculators will be totally unable to have the command of the market; and farmers who complain of the unremunerative prices of corn, will have an opportunity of producing a very remunerative staple, and of having a secure home market for their produce. We regard the working out of the experiments regarding flax as a matter of the greatest national importance.

The Palace of Glass makes giant strides towards completion, but the time has now been lengthened. Not from actual necessity, we believe, but because the necessity for the completed building did not demand the excessive over-work that would have been necessary. It would not have been worthy of the design of the Exhibition, had the workmen been defrauded of their Christmas merriment.

The press seems to be engaged in manufacturing rumours of discoveries of Sir John Franklin, for the simple gratification of contradicting them. He is generally reported to have been found and saved, once

a fortnight; but as yet no tidings have been gained of the gallant, ill-fated adventurer, and his gallant, ill-fated crew. In the mean time, a parallel case has sprung up in the south, Dr. Leichhardt who, in the most enterprising and courageous manner, has devoted himself to exploring the unknown continents of Australia, has not returned at his appointed time; and the same suspense begins to be felt regarding his fate. Let us hope, however, that the delay, in his case, has not been dangerous; and that the life of such a man has not been sacrificed in vain, for if he have perished, the result of the examination, which will then have cost his life, will have perished with him.\* S.

### Fragments.

#### ROYAL THEATRICALS.

Although we have never heard the terms on which the royal theatricals are conducted at Windsor Castle, by Mr. Charles Kean, we may safely affirm that the custom of taking money at the door from each spectator, as in Charles the Second's time, is not kept up. Colley Cibber, who states that this was the case, when the king had the players at Windsor, acting in St. George's-hall, within the royal hall, says, "whether this was an indulgence in consequence, I cannot say; but it was a common report among the principal actors, when I first came into the Theatre Royal, 1690, that there was then due to the company from that court about 1,500*l.*, for plays commanded." In these days the stated fee for a play acted at Whitehall was 20*l.* When a play was commanded at Hampton Court or Windsor Castle, the actors were allowed their day's pay and travelling charges besides.

#### AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

An important geological discovery has recently been made in Scotland. A large mountain, called Zore-More, near Applecross, on the west coast, on being accidentally excavated, presented a substratum of pure lime, within five feet of the surface; and on prosecuting the discovery by a further excavation, it was ascertained that the whole mountain, except an average surface of twenty feet, consists of lime fit for building or agricultural purposes. The hill appears to have been at one time a stupendous limestone rock, which has been submitted to the action of intense heat. On the summit of the mountain volcanic remains, vitrified stone and lava have been found.

#### CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Roman Catholic population of the United States is estimated at 1,523,350 souls. These are governed by three archbishops, twenty-four bishops, and 1,081 priests. Including California and New Mexico, there are 1,141 priests altogether, and 1,133 churches.

#### INSANITY AND MESMERISM.

Two cases of lunacy, arising from the use of mesmeric agency, have lately been reported. One was that of Judson Hutchinson, one of "the Hutchinson Family," from "the Old Granite State," in New England, who lately revisited this country. The accounts regarding his illness are contradictory, but it seems clear that his intellect has been somewhat affected by the experiments to which he has subjected himself. The other case is that of the Rev. J. S. Douglas, residing in Caithness-shire. After devoting much attention to mesmerism and "the doctrine of life," his reason is said to have given way. He alleges that he has discovered "the ultimate principle of matter"—the secret by which the ancient magi performed their wonders. In his case the discovery has, however, weakened him instead of making him more powerful. He has lately gone about in great terror, on account of the mesmeric influence of some unknown party, believing that, should they meet, the one or the other must perish. He applied to the authorities for protection from this imaginary enemy, and stated to a medical gentleman that he believed he would be safe if rolled up in a web of silk, because silk would intercept the magnetic current.

\* Dr. Leichhardt published in 1844 an account of his Overland Expedition from Moreton Bay to Port Essington; a perusal of which cannot fail to interest the reader in his fate.